

# The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19 OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA  
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

VOL. IV. No. 11

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1919

PRICE 5c A COPY



"BACK TO THE FARM"



# The Asheville Citizen

gets the news of the universe thru Associated Press Service, and maintains a Washington Correspondent who wires all important Congressional bills and War Department measures that affect YOU as a soldier and later as a civilian.

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Asheville, N. C.



# The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

Lt. Col. Wm. J. Lyster,

Commanding

Advisers

1st Lt. W. L. White, S.C., U.S.A.

1st Lt. H. W. Kinderman, M.C., U.S.A.

Hosp. Srgt. Russell Radford, Editor-in-Chief

Srgt. 1/Cl. Edwin Loewy, Asst. Editor

Mr. Mathew Beecher, Art Editor

Srgt. 1/Cl. A. Zabin, Business Manager



Vol. IV

Saturday, September 27, 1919.

No. 11

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice, Oteen, N. C. Subscription rates, \$1.00 for seven-teen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

## KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON

The days continue to pass, but the thunderbolt still holds off. Not even Old Faithful knows for a certainly what is going to happen. The kaleidoscope of rumor and denial changes so rapidly that even old Descartes, with his maxim, "I think, therefore I am," would have been hard put to it to be sure of his own identity in the midst of such a turmoil as this. Nothing is certain except that everything is uncertain.

In the midst of such a situation advice may be an impertinence, for most people have long ago learned not to jump to conclusions when you're in the army. But if there is a word to be said on the subject, it is, "don't get excited." Special cars to take us all to Paradise or some other place are not going to happen on the spur of the moment. We may go to anyone of a dozen places, but we haven't yet. In the meantime, life must wag along somehow. Even army hospitals can't run on hot air. So there is no use lying down on the job, whatever it happens to be, or believing every new one we hear. Let's make our last few hours, days, or weeks in the "land of the sky" the best. Let's keep the hospital on the map until the SGO takes it off or lets us depart like real fellows, and out the front door. Let's make the people of Asheville feel the warmth of our gratitude for the hospitality and the kindness they have poured upon us from the start.

## HIT THE HOME TRAIL FIRST

It is the most natural thing in the world for a man who has been fighting—and fighting hard—whether in Europe or at the Oteen front, to want to take a bit of a holiday before he strikes out for the home town again.

If he lands near some city that has lots of white lights, they look pretty good to him. There is no trouble about spending his money there, for plenty of people are ready to accommodate him in that way. The restaurants are warm, the music is lively, the food is pretty good; there are plenty of shows of all sorts and kinds along the streets, with light, music, song and pretty girls.

No wonder a young man full of pep and red blood, who has been away from all this sort of thing for months, is tempted just to take a look before he goes home. So he stops into the big town before heading for the smaller one which he hails from, and where the folks are waiting for him.

He does not expect to keep them waiting long. He wants to see them, all right—he just thinks he will take a day, or a couple of days, to shake out the kinks of discipline, to get away from the blowing of the bugle, before he settles down to work and his old life again.

The trouble is that these plans often go astray when he once finds the bright lights glaring down on him. The couple of days lengthen out, and keep lengthening, and the more the days lengthen the more his pocket book shortens. The home folks still wait, more and more anxious, more and more eager to see him. They are so proud of him.

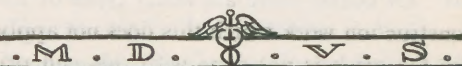
They yearn so to see him once more. They want to verify with their eyes the fact that he is still alive after risking his life for them and his country.

He keeps them waiting while he spends his money, and loosens out his kinks. In too many cases the money goes; he is stranded and ashamed and puzzled as to what to do. He tries to find a job, but learns quickly that jobs are not so plentiful in any big city as are bright lights and expensive restaurants, expensive hotels and expensive shows.

Plenty of expense and precious few jobs.

This is a common story—altogether too common. You can't blame the soldier; he wants to have a bit of a fling; he wants to loosen up. It is a natural impulse.

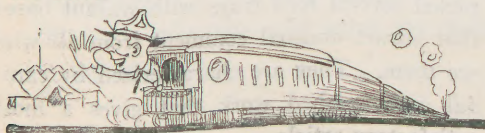
Do the square thing, the fair thing, the right thing, by yourself, your family, your country, boys. Hit the trail for home first.



Anyone can preach a sermon. All one needs is the gift o' gab and a collection of those platitudes which are so like the familiar ticking of grandfather's clock that they fall upon human sensibility, not as any stimulant to better endeavor, but as a temporary sedative to an uneasy conscience. The greatest sermon in the world, the one that does most good to oneself and the Other Fellow—particularly the Other Fellow—is the sermon that is neither preached nor talked nor written. It is the sermon that is lived. And, like Virtue, it is its own reward.

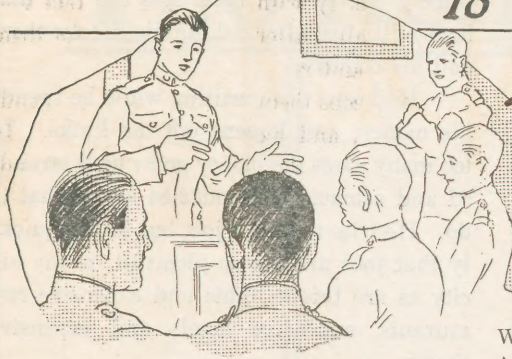
A poor return on the investment, the cynic will say; but the cynic is the meanest thing unchanged. If you pinned him down to the truth he would be forced to admit that the happiest man on this fine old earth is he who puts his head on his pillow of a night, at peace with the world, at enmity with no human brother, conscious of a day's work done to the best of his ability, a day's installment of the sermon of silent action well delivered.

If this were a sermon—which it is not—and if we were to choose a text, the latter would be a sort of motto adapted from what the parson says when he hands the collection plates to the vestrymen: "Let your light so shine that men may see your good works."





"To uplift and to build"—



# Reconstruction

WARREN K. LAYTON, 1st. Lt. S.C., Chief Reconstruction  
ANNA M. BARRINGER, Supervisor of Aides

## CREDIT FOR EDUCATIONAL WORK IN HOSPITALS

The Reconstruction Department has had many requests from patients for information regarding credit for courses of instruction taken by them while they are in the hospital. Of course there are many types of Reconstruction work which this does not apply, for the work is not done with this end primarily in view. However, many patients after their cases become inactive take up such subjects as shorthand and typewriting and follow them long enough to complete the equivalent of a regular commercial course in any business college. They attain a speed per minute sufficient to qualify them for positions in the business world. They do the work here under conditions fully as favorable as in any school, and their instructors are as well as any instructors whom they might find in civil life. Similarly, many of the men do work in algebra, English and other academic subjects which is of such quality as to entitle them to some recognition when they later take up Vocational Training under the Federal Board.

In order to get some light on this subject, the head office of the Federal Board was appealed to, and a letter was received this week from the Chief of the Division of Rehabilitation in Washington. The following is a quotation from this letter.

"We assure you that we are very grateful for any pertinent material which any hospital staff will furnish to our Advisors. The more complete the better it will serve our purposes. Whatever you are able to furnish that will further the interests of any disabled man, will be utilized to the fullest possible extent. Our intent is to build our work on all the experience and training a man has had."

Individual patients who have pursued courses of instruction in this hospital, and who expect to enter school under the plan of

## WE NOMINATE FOR THE "HALL OF FAME"

One Floyd Freeman, an overseas man, who has partaken of almost the entire bill of fare in the Reconstruction Department. Freeman, having been deprived of a High School education, realized his opportunity and set about to improve his golden hours. First, he took up typewriting and penmanship, then he waded into the mysteries of shorthand. He has mastered the principles and can turn out work of commercial value as a stenographer. He has reviewed spelling and business English, mastered the accounting machine, worked in the shop making belts and other useful articles. So well has he succeeded with his full program that his teachers testify that no man has made greater progress along education lines at Oteen during the past few months.



Miss Barringer has been attending a meeting of Occupational Therapists in Chicago. We have had very interesting reports from her in regard to our work here on the Post in comparison with other hospitals. The need for Reconstruction work in tubercular hospitals is very urgent and the department has requested more Aides.

The Art Department in the Reconstruction Building has taken a keen interest in the interior decorating of the new Y. M. C. A. Hostess House. Eenburg has quite a large contract.

the Federal Board, should consult the Chief of Reconstruction Service and the Vocational Advisor of the Federal Board before they leave the post. Arrangements will be made to have every bit of work a man has done here a matter of record with the Federal Board, before he enters upon his training.

Come gather around our peace table. All nations are represented with an equal vote from all. Italy, Poland, Lithuania, Porto Rico and Armenia sit in peaceable conference with Greece, Roumania and the United States for the common purposes of learning to speak, read and write our English language. If you are foreign born and wish to learn more about the language of your adopted country, join a class in English at the Reconstruction Building.

★ ★

Miss Dillon of Nurses' ward I is doing a particularly creditable piece of basketry. It is a reed and wood tray with a design of flowers painted on the enameled base.

★ ★

Briggs of E-2 is doing a wholesale business in leather. He specializes in tooled billfolds with a handsome monogram as the principal design. He has nine orders to execute, a fact which speaks well for his work.

★ ★

Wanted:—A shepherd's crook for our Little Bo-Peep. That blacksnake whip scares the sheep too badly.

★ ★

The bead chains of I-8 are fully equal in beauty and workmanship of those the boys brought from France.

★ ★

Stephens of W-3 has turned out some excellent wood work. He has to his credit a bookcase, a magazine stand, a small set of book shelves and a tool chest. He has a reputation for being the hardest working man in camp.

★ ★

Allen, Bundy and Reed of I-5 have completed several reed trays with walnut bases that attract unusual comment from all who see them. They are characterized by careful and finished work that gives a most satisfactory article.



# CAPS & CAPE

*Deo et Humanitate*

## THE GUARD OUTWITTED

"Vigilance" the guard was passed in the wee small hours Wednesday morning by Harry Cannon, Jr., who has decided to make his abode at the Nurses Ward No. 1.

Harry is your pass good at all times?

■ ■

Oh, Lord, I ask of Thee to-day

To hear me when I pray—

Please grant my wish

That when I stand in line to eat

The K. P. from his mercy seat—

With beans won't fill my dish.

Oh, Lord I beg of Thee, to-day—

To hear me as I pray—

To Thee I plead—

Please place all those who can't enjoy  
some fun

In Barracks two or four or maybe one.

Oh, Lord, another wish I have of Thee to-day—

Just hear me when I say—

That if by heck—

I get so aged and staid

I can't enjoy a joke, tho I am an old maid,

I pass in my final check.

■ ■

He met her in summer

Down at the beach

He was a newcomer

She was a peach.

She told him, she was a senator's daughter—

He thought she was telling what she hadn't  
oughter.

He went to college in fall

And down in candy land

He met this same doll

Running a pop-corn stand

He remembered she said she was a senator's  
daughter.

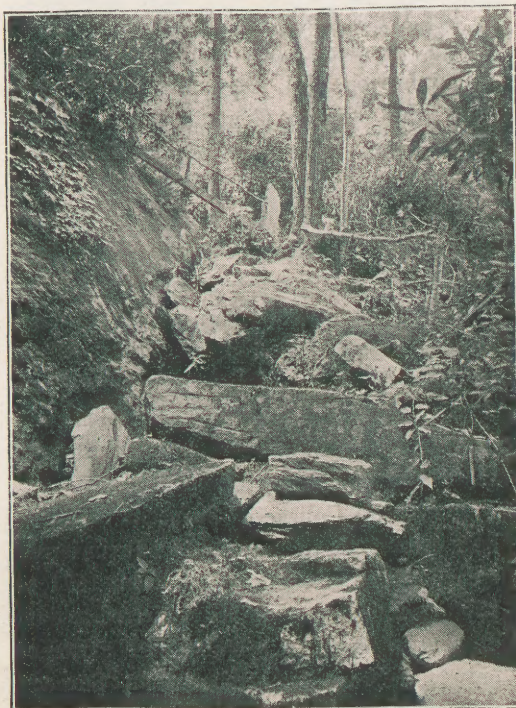
He knew now she told what she hadn't  
oughter.

## GAME FOR THE REGULAR ARMY?

With the re-establishment of the Army Nurse Corps on a permanent basis, reserve nurses who are qualified for appointment in the regular corps have been invited to submit applications for appointment through chief nurse. The period of active service as reserve nurses will not operate to diminish the period to be served in the regular corps, but active service as reserve nurses will count toward longevity pay. Nurses who were appointed in the regular corps with the understanding that they would be required to serve for the period of the emergency only, will soon be entitled to discharge upon application. It is thought that many of these nurses would prove acceptable for the regular establishment, and they are given opportunity to apply for retention in the service.

■ ■

If anyone desires advice, suggestions on running a camp, reports on any of the nurses, if you want any information apply at Regular Army (Information) Booth. Quarters 3.



## HEL-EN, GRUB, ETC.

Dear Marion:—

They, the authorities, have ordered that "no member of this command" go to any of the eating houses on Bull Mountain Road. We always called it the "country" road but it's official cognoman (new word I just heard) is Bull Mountain Road although I have never seen a bull on it and no one knows where the mountain is in it. that means that the Greasy Spoon, Bill's and the Quick and Dirty are forbidden—and just as the Quick and Dirty had gotten straws for us to drink through too. Seems as if some Hdq. bug desired the a4said (short-hand word) eating places were not germ proof, altho' we will all guarantee they were 100 per cent. filling proof.

Well, good by 10:30 hasty lunches. It is much further down to the country store, the Baron's or the Slow and Uncertain. They won't even let us look in at the Canteen chow shop and the Hostess House is not familiar to many of us as yet, and there is nothing left out in the mess hall for hungry people and nearly everybody is hungry by 9 P. M. and ————Oh, the dickens.

You know ordinarily I never complain or even suggest anything to anybody about their affairs. But I feel perfectly safe in tripping out my hungry tongue to you as I know that you know no one where you are that knows anyone here.

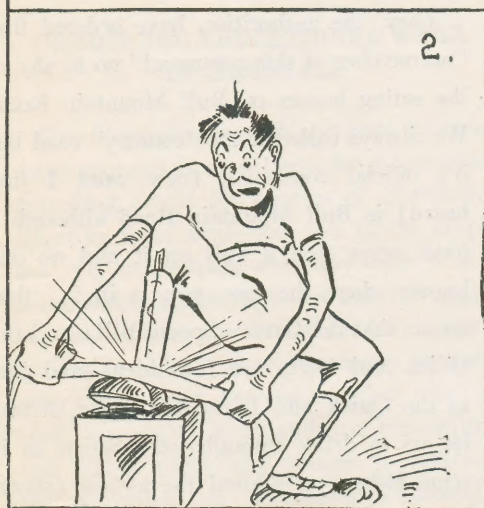
—Just the same it is a funny feeling to have your stomach doing the trapez stunt up and down your spinal column and sliding down your spinal cord all because it lost it's balance from lack of ballast.

Hope you will take this as a hint and send me a cake. Be sure and pack it well and have the frosting of chocolate and thick all over.

Yours truly,

—HELEN.





### THE FOOTBALL SEASON IS ON

Friday afternoon a week ago saw the first tryout of the men at Oteen to qualify for the team of 1919-20. For a first practice the results were fair but—

Capt. Alexander is volunteering for the football coach, at which he is a master and hopes the men will show the same good spirit they did in baseball. Many men, he thinks have failed to turn out, feeling that their discharges will be held up should they size up as good football material. Common sense would prove this far from the truth, and he hopes the men will use their best endeavors and turn out en masse. We are working against odds—and every man should turn out who has football knowledge and a desire to play. A paramount team will do endless good toward upholding the spirit of the patients and detachment men, at the same time spreading a good name for Oteen throughout the states. Trips will be made by the eleven in the Carolinas and Tennessee. No reason in the world why you shouldn't make these trips with the team if you're any good—and will put a bit of time in on the field every afternoon. This coming Monday it is hoped a good turnout will be made. Men who weigh more than 150 are especially desired. Two or three scrimmage lineups are badly needed.

Capt. Alexander is anxious to see all the men on Monday at 3:30 on the old ball field. Let's go.

### ANCIENT FELLOWSHIP CONFERRED ON SURGEON GENERAL IRELAND

The Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, Scotland, has conferred honorary fellowship on Maj. Gen. Merritte W. Ireland, the Surgeon General of the United States army. The news of this distinction has just been received in Washington.

The ancient and famous college decided to mark the termination of the World War by offering its honorary fellowship to a representation of each group of the medical forces of the British Empire and its Allies, as indicating appreciation of services rendered. It is explained that Maj. Gen. Ireland was selected as representing the whole of the American Army Medical Corps.

The Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh dates from the year 1505. It conferred only 33 honorary fellowships from 1671 to 1838, and the total number conferred to-date does not exceed 75. During its existence only five Americans other than Surgeon General Ireland have been so honored.

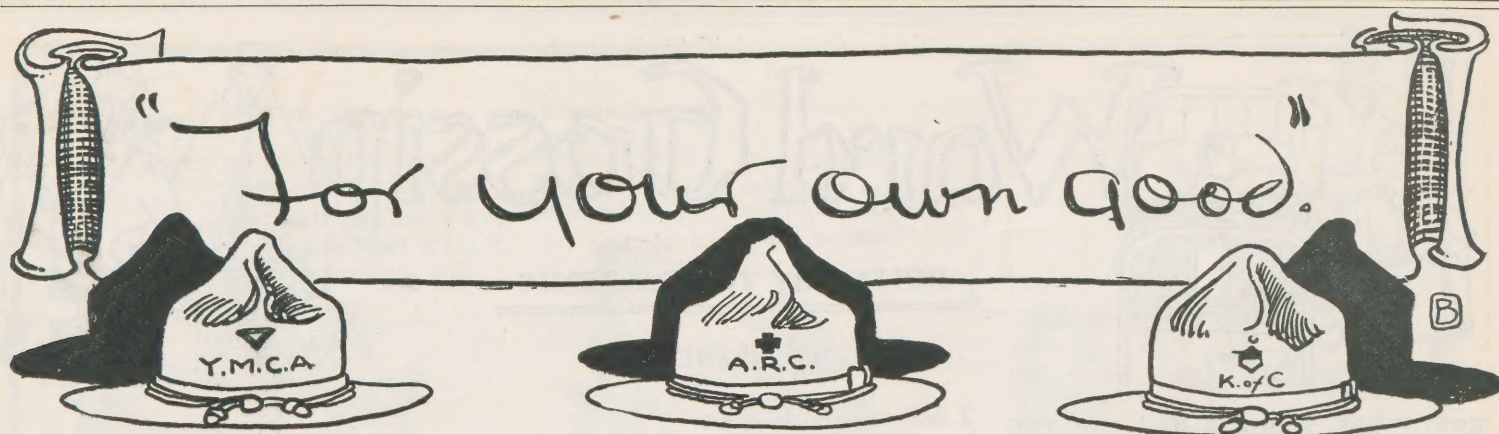
## Y. W. C. A.

Is your  
Mother  
Wife  
Sister  
Sweetheart  
Coming to  
Oteen?  
Tell Her  
to meet you at the  
Y. W. C. A.  
Hostess House.  
She will find there:  
An attractive Living Room  
Where She may visit with you.  
A Cafeteria  
Where She can find anything  
from a sandwich to a dinner.  
A Rest Room  
Where She may rest during  
"Quit Hour."  
A Comfortable Bedroom  
Where She may stay for a limited  
time at a reasonable rate.  
A Nursery  
Where the babies  
may sleep or play.  
You will find there:  
Comfortable Easy Chairs  
Where you may rest and read.  
A Piano and Victrola  
and lots of music.  
Writing Tables  
With plenty of free stationery.  
Spacious Piazzas  
Sunny and open.  
A Hearty Welcome  
From the hostesses.  
The Blue Triangle means that  
Welcome  
Comfort and  
Cheer  
Are waiting for you  
You  
at the  
Y. W. C. A.  
Hostess House

### MRS. C. M. PLATT RESIGNS

The K. C. activities lost one of its real assets when Mrs. Platt resigned from active participation in the social end of their welfare work. Other lines of endeavor require Mrs. Platt's undivided time, but may she know that her work of the past year has endeared her to the hearts of hundreds of the camp personnel and patients.





Gee how we hate to hear Gurney say he wants to go to town on a night there are pictures to show.

▽ ▽

Hot dogs don't taste one bit good in the mess hall, but they sure are tasty when they are served out of the pot between warm rolls at a picnic.

▽ ▽

The autumnal equinox seems to have remembered the springs rains and given us the go bye.

▽ ▽

Had a lot of opportunity to loan the kids out Monday. The boys really wanted to go and see he parade and circus, but preferred the usual camouflage.

▽ ▽

Captain Alexander has a class in football going daily. They meet on the field and get the practical part daily and then the theoretical side is shown on the blackboard at night. Some of the boys have mentioned the fact that he is well acquainted with the game too and affirm that they are going to sit at the feet of Gamaliel nightly.

▽ ▽

If the censor doesn't kill this we mean to pay a compliment to the bread makers. Have you noticed how good and light it has been for the past week or two?

▽ ▽

Mrs. Uncle Jack is almost as good a worker as Uncle Jack. If you don't believe it just ask the sick boys.

▽ ▽

Chaplain Stewart sure hit the writer under the belt Sunday night. Did he mess you up a bit too?

▽ ▽

The writer knows of a few nice rooms near the camp. If you plan to have some of the home folks come and stay a while he may be able to assist you in locating them.

Red Cross House was honored this week by a visit from Mr. T. R. Lombard, Director of Military Relief, Southern Division. A visit from the Chief always puts everybody in a good humor.

++

The departure of Miss Louise Carson for her home at Cornelia, Ga., has left a place in our Red Cross that cannot be filled. Always just and merry with all here. We will miss her, and the best wishes of all follow her.

++

Miss Margaret Wiley, of Brooklyn, Mass., has arrived to take up Home Service work. Miss Wiley formerly did Medical Social work at the Boston City Hospital and will be a pleasant acquisition at Oteen.

++

"Faithful" Mr. A. P. Beckett will soon breeze in from the Far West. He writes glowingly about his trip, but longs to get back. He sends "greetings" to all the Post.

++

The big get-together foot-ball meeting last Thursday night was held in the Red Cross House. Enthusiasm reigned supreme and coming events were discussed over mugs of hot coffee, sandwiches and olives. Oteen will have an all-star team this season.



The fact that a man is but a boy grown up has not escaped Jack Silverman. He obtained passes to Robinson Circus for about 100 soldier patients last Monday afternoon and took them to see the elephant. They had a section of seats all to themselves and the altitulous Uncle Sam took off his hat to them and the actorines all directed their smiles toward that particular section. One of our Secretaries went with them with a big supply of cigaretttes and chocolates to the dismay of the regular concessionaires.

★ ★

There will not be a dance at the Hut this evening. Refreshments will be served at the regular Tuesday evening dance next week and the boys are asked to help the Secretaries in making out the invation list. Here is your chance to get your own particular sweetie on the list, boys.

★ ★

Missing is the name of the film for tomorrow night. It will please you eyes. Yes, we'll have chocolates, too, far the palate. For the ears, there'll be Paynes Orch. and Joe will sing any other little thing you'd like?

★ ★

Cinema program for Thursday night: Pauline Frederick in Mlle. Jealous and Fatty Arbuckle in Butcher Boy.

★ ★

We bade good bye to Dion Rahill last Saturday and right here is one thing in the life of a K. of C. Secretary that we do not like at all. We meet so many fine fellows, and then their discharge, no matter how kell we have grown to know and like them, makes their acquaintance merely a case af "Ships that Pass in the Night and speak to each other in passing."

However, no one will ever be the worse for having known "Ray". we class him as a star member of the Order of Regular Fellows.





# Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

## MY INTENTION

### ENGINEERS, HERE IS ONE FOR YOU

The scheme of the Interior Department for placing discharged soldiers on lands supplied by the Government, if it becomes a law, will present to the men of the country, particularly engineers, a wonderful opportunity in the great reclamation project which is to be the basis of the scheme. To young engineers just out of the army this should mean a chance to get back into their stride while at the same time winning a name by being concerned in a project of nation-wide importance.

The Civil Service Commission has just announced that eligibles secured under Examination Notice No. 361, calling for engineers, and assistant engineers, junior engineers, and engraving draftsmen, will be employed in the reclamation work. There is a great demand even now for men of the grade of assistant and junior engineer, but the other positions are conditional upon the passage of the soldier land law.

The work will not be limited to engineers for the project will offer an opportunity to men of every calling. Men who are at once engineers and farmers will be in particularly great demand. Further particulars will be given at the Reconstruction office.

### HOW IT HAPPENED

I was looking back to see  
If she was looking back to see  
If I was looking back to see  
If she was looking back to see  
If she was looking back at me.  
And as I looked back to see  
If she was looking back at me,  
We both looked back and saw each other  
Looking back to see.

I love every buck private  
in the army—and  
I've tried to  
show it to many  
of the boys at  
Oteen.  
But believe me,  
I'd give a grown derby  
To the man who doesn't  
After calling say  
"I've enjoyed the evening so much".  
But instead  
Bite his initials  
on my chin.

HELEN.

### SISYPHUS; OR. YOU CAN'T WIN

If he wears a decoration, every one asks him how he won it. If he doesn't wear a decoration, every one asks why he didn't win one.

If he says he likes French girls, he is untrue to American girls. If he says he doesn't like French girls, every one says he is concealing something.

If he kicks about the government, he is ungrateful. If he praises the government, he is looking for a soft job.

If he says the Germans fought bravely, he is a traitor. If he says the Germans were cowards, he gets no credit for beating them.

If he is promoted, it is a sign that he's a "handshaker." If he is not promoted, he is not ambitious.

If he grumbles about his treatment in the army, nobody listens to him. If he praises army life, nobody believes him.

So. what the hell!

Mr. Baker is asking Congress for \$83,000 for further parking space for Oteen. Whyin hell couldn't he also ask for 2500 feet of road-bed for that last long half-mile. A few more trips and we'll have our last weak lung shook out of us.



### COMFORT

By Robert Service

Say! You've struck a heap of trouble—  
Bust in business, lost your wife;  
No one care a cent about you,  
You don't care a cent for life,  
Hard luck has of hope bereft you,  
Health is failing, wish you'd die—  
Why, you've still the sunshine left you  
And the big, blue sky.

Sky so blue it makes you wonder—  
If it's heaven shining through;  
Earth so smiling 'way out yonder,  
Sun so bright it dazzles you;  
Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging  
All their fragrance on the breeze;  
Dancing shadows, green, still meadows—  
Don't you mope, you've still got these.

These, and none can take them from you;  
These, and none can weigh their worth.  
What! You're tired and broke and beaten?  
Why you're rich—you've got the earth!  
Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,  
You've got nearly all that matters—  
You've got God, and God is love.

### STRAW FOR THE COW

A poor but thrifty Scotchman, of whom we read in Everybody's had been promised a gift of a new bonnet by a wealthy summer resident.

One morning, as the woman was about to motor to the city for some shopping, she stopped at the home of the Scotswoman and asked: "Would you rather have a felt or a straw hat, Mrs. MacVean?"

"Weel," said Mrs. MacVean, "I think I'll take a straw one, if you please, maam. It'll maybe make a good mouthful to the cow when I'm done wi' it."



"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT ICE? DON'T YOU KNOW YOU HAVE TO GET A REQUISITION FIRST? GO TO BUREAU P.X.D.Z. AND THEY WILL FIX YOU UP."



1

"I WOULD LIKE TO GET A REQUISITION FOR SOME ICE, SIR?"



BUREAU P.X.D.Z.

2

"I'M BUSY NOW. WAIT AN HOUR AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU."

"YOU WILL HAVE THESE SIGNED NOW BY THE CAPT."



BUREAU P.X.D.Z.

3

"WILL YOU SIGN THE REQUISITION PLEASE, SIR?"



4

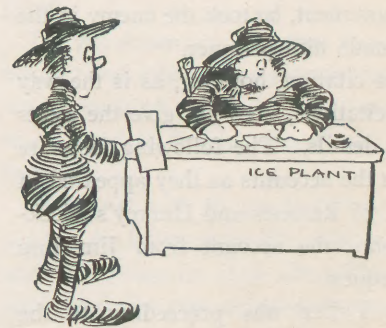
?

"TAKE THIS DOWN TO THE ICE PLANT AND HAVE IT SIGNED SO THEY WILL KNOW WHERE THE ICE IS."



5

"WILL YOU SIGN THIS REQUISITION FOR A PIECE OF ICE, SIR?"



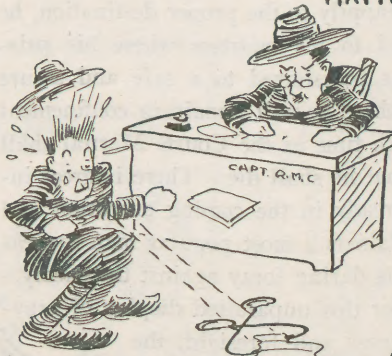
6

"TAKE THIS UP TO THE CAPT. NOW AND HAVE HIM O.K. IT."



7

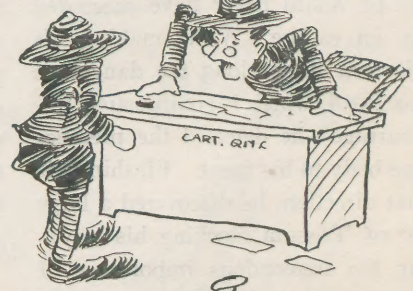
"WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"



8

"I THINK I'LL HAVE TO HAVE ANOTHER REQUISITION, SIR"

WHAT??



9

Brierley  
1918

T'was Ever Thus

By Brierley





### THE TAKING O'POSSUM

Citations published during the past week contain the name of our own Captain David H. Fuller, Adjutant Generals Department, who is honored with the Royal Order of the Baked Yam in recognition of a deed of daring that leaves one astounded at his cool headed nerve.

The official Citation reads as follows: "Captain Fuller, while acting as escort party to a very important and most valuable Pearl, was confronted suddenly by a strong detachment of Possum. Without regard for his personal safety and with great coolness he immediately dismounted and proceeded to the attack and, having made a successful flanking movement, he took the enemy in the rear and made him prisoner."

The bare citation, however, as is the way of official citations, does not give the most interesting details. The following facts are taken from the accounts as they appeared in the Review of Reviews and Harvey's Weekly—we omit the account from Jim Jam Gems by request.

Captain Fuller was proceeding to the home sector after having successfully entered and raided the enemy city of Cashville and having made a most daring escape from the enemy lines with his life, the Pearl that had been entrusted to his care, and fifteen cents in cash—this last was unknown to the enemy else he would never have succeeded in making an escape. While making his way to his own lines along the dangerous Swannanoa Road, which is continuously under gas barrage—he detected the presence of a strange body to his front. Flashing his light in that direction, he discovered a large detachment of 'Possum blocking his way!

Knowing the tremendous importance of his charge, the Captain did not hesitate. He dismounted at once and moved to the attack without delay. The enemy, thus astounded at seeing the Adj. Gen. Department moving to the attack, hesitated and then started a flank movement. However, he ran into a high embankment which impeded

his progress thus enabling the Capt., to out-flank him and deliver his attack directly to the rear. This unexpected attack from the rear utterly disconcerted the enemy and, during his confusion, the Capt., took secure possession of the rear sector and hung on, determined to hold or "bust." He held.

About this time reinforcement arrived, The Pearl having mobed to join the attack, and the two of them completely surrounded the enemy and made him a secure prisoner and transferred him to the Raincoat guard house.

Now came the problem of bringing the prisoner in. It was decided to enclose him in the secure confines of the famous Reo Tool Box, but here the brave Captain, exhausted by his hard and daring struggle, lost his morale was unable to bring himself to come into personal contact with the ferocious Possum. This complicated matters seriously but The Pearl—and what a Pearl she is to be sure—rose to the occasion and made the transfer of the enemy from the Raincoat guard house to the Reo Tool Box, securely gasping the said enemy by that portion of his anatomy whereby he is said to cling to the trees when asleep.

The Captain then proceeded back to the home sector with his charge and the prisoner and, after having delivered his charge safely and happily to the proper destination, he proceeded to his quarters where his prisoner was transferred to a safe and secure prison where he will remain in confinement until such time as the Courts Martial shall decree that he shall die. There is great interest already in the coming execution and the Captain is a most popular man by reason of his daring foray against the enemy.

And for this unparalleled display of bravery, coolness and foresight, the Capt. gets the decoration of the *Baked Yam*, a most coveted decoration indeed.

B

### BOATING SONG

This is a brand-new boating song  
With action from the opening gong.  
Young Oswald Flatface was a sport  
Who summered at a swell resort.  
Just put an oar in either hand  
And he could row to beat the band.

One night while rowing on the lake  
With pretty little Flora Fake  
He gazed into her orbs of blue—  
If you were present, so would you—  
And was about to ask the Jane  
To walk with him down life's long lane.

Just then one oar became askew  
And splashed some water on her shoe.  
Said she, "Of all the clumsy tricks!  
You'll spoil these forty-dollar kicks!"  
Young Oswald beamed on her no more  
But started for the nearest shore.

It had not pained this youthful hick  
To hear her call a shoe a "kick,"  
It was the "forth-dollar" part  
Of her remark that broke his heart.  
"Farewell!" he said. "Our dream is  
through!"  
If you were Oswald, wouldn't you?

—BILL KIRK.

★ ★

There was another move last week and several officers from Ward One moved down into the woods, some of them going to the *Nusery* and the rest going to the *Old Soldiers Home*.

★ ★

Lieut. Freddy Moon had departed from these parts and will spend some few days cavorting around in the fair fields of "Jaw-ja, Suh."

★ ★

The Officers in Ward One are delighted at having the Officer Patients' Four Hundred in their midst once again. It is expected that *Pink Teas* and *At homes* will soon be the vogue. Ye Gods!





## DON'T GO TO DETROIT

This is the gist of a warning just issued to all discharged soldiers and sailors by Col. Arthur Woods, Assistant to the Secretary of War.

Widespread circulation has been given to a report among returned service men to the effect that this city is greatly in need of men and that they can readily find jobs in the automobile industries. As a result thousands of ex-service men have gone there, thereby taxing to the utmost Detroit's housing facilities.

"Don't make for Detroit just because some chance acquaintance happens to tell you that there are plenty of good jobs there for the asking," is Colonel Woods advice. "When you get there you will in all probability be disappointed in finding that Detroit is working over the problem of caring for its own returned men."

Your town may have the same conditions as Detroit—it will pay to make gentle inquires of conditions before you actually hit the town you expect to hold to.

## TIN HAT BALDNESS IS THE NEWEST SCALP AILMENT

To the many diseases of the hair must now be added "tin-hat" baldness. Reference to the bare patch on the heads of men approaching middle age produces the half-petulant, half-proud reply, "Yes, it's that tin hat. Every man in the company had a bald spot after three months."

A hair dresser has killed this theory.

"Constant pressure from the steel helmet," he said, "might make the hair thin temporarily, but it would not destroy the vitality of the roots. Time, not tin-hat, is the cause of the bare spot."

## HERO

Oh, the Col. or the Maj. or the Lieut.  
Or the Gen. or the Adj. or the Cap.  
May be proud of the spurs in his boot,  
Or his badge and his braid and his strap,  
Of his coat that is neat and is right,  
Of his look that is brisk and alive;  
But the men who will count in the fight  
Are the serge and the corp and the priv.

Oh, the Cap. and the Adj. and the Gen.!  
Oh, the Lieut. and the Col. and the Maj.!  
They will live through the might of the pen,  
They will shine in the lore of the age,  
In the tale of the war that is won,  
In the song of the trench and the charge;  
But the men who will do what is done  
Are the priv. and the corp. and the serge.  
—ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

## IF YOU ARE DRY, VERY DRY

The war department offers for sale 10 drinking water wagons and 74 sprinkler wagons.

The sprinkler wagons have a 450 gallon capacity, and a Gould hand pump for those unable to take water any other way.

The drinking water wagons are provided with small faucets for filling glasses. Pitchers and steins can be filled, too. The faucet is turned to do like the ancient barkeep used to do when somebody yelled, "Draw one!"

## MORE MIQUE, MORE MIQUE

'Twas a lot of childish pique  
When I struck my Captain's chique;  
He got so mad he scarce could spique,  
Then ordered me for many a wique  
To occupy this cell so blique  
Oh! would that I had been more mique.

## SCANDAL IN THE NURSERY

Well—Mabel—You asked me what they were doing down at the nursery. We ain't doin' much these days. See, Ester, left 'cause she said she wanted to go back to the "wild and wooly west," and Vannie got a sudden notice to marry that bachelor that used to hang 'round here, and now K—— decided to go 'cause all her friends went and left her 'n never even said good-bye, and Margaret G—— said this post was too quite nowadays and the former Mess sergeant has got a wedding ring—almost. Put that down in your diary, Mabel, 'cause it don't happen here every day. Ain't is awful, tho, the way some of the girls is marrying without even asking the chief nurse. Nothing military about that!

They've put Mae on night duty. Rooke has a daily rest period of twenty-four hours, so our quarters is kind of quite just now. Guess the guard at Post 5 is glad 'cause we are always kept him awake—we did make a lot of noise—but I think it was mostly due to Bab's affection—that awful giggle.

We got some regular army nurses in the nursery and I hope they get used to our way 'cause we ain't gonna be here long enough to get used to theirs. See Uncle Sam just borrowed us.

Mabel—I got to go and "reconstruct" a little so I can show the soldiers how to make a living in civil life—But say, I'll send you the post scandal by special delivery.

P. S. I know some now, but I ain't quite finished the notes on it.

## Orderly! Orderly!

By Dodge





# The BATTLES of BRUNO

(Oteen's Own War Story)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

## Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

(Just as our hero was getting quite close to the leading beauty of the Chickabiddy Moving Picture Co., Inc., along came Hertha, Bruno's huge financee. Now wasn't that tough? Yes, boys, it goes to show that that poem that says:

"Pie  
In the sky,  
By and by,"

is about right. That's the way it is with the good things of life. It's all "by and by," even in the question of those discharges you know, it strikes us that the C. O. would get so blamed tired of our singing the song of "Dischargetis" he'd be glad to let us loose. But after all, it gives a lot of jobs to sky-pilots who otherwise be forced to work for their living. And what if the silver linings that we are assured can be found on the inside of every cloud, do turn out to be imitation gun-metal, every now and then? Some day somewhere someone of us may marry a rich pork-packers daughter and live in the luxury to which we have been accustomed, all over the mainstreet of Ypsilanti, Michigan, in a great big enormous flat with six strong Englishmen to lace up our shoes, blow our noses and take us out riding in a the latest Fiat model with the Missus in a Pierce-Arrow trailer on behind. And then we will make snoots at any second lieutenants that come across our triumphal progress, and own three movie houses and have a brass band of our own to play jazz stuff for us when we are low in our minds on account of having eaten too much pate-de-foie-gras.

Bruno wasn't quite as hopeful as all this, as he whirled back home to Washeville, N. C., in Hertha's big Stutz. In fact, he contemplated jumping out every time he got an eyeful of the Hon. Hector Puffer, Hertha's papa, who looked more purplish and stuffy and tiresome than ever as he sat on the front seat and gave constant directions to the chauffeur. But if you have trailed along this far, you'll realize that Bruno is not as tempestuous as he used to be. He was in the army over a year and a half and he left a lot of his temperament in a guard house at Humphreys, Va., before he hopped off at Hoboken. So he just sat with his

mouth open the way all automobilists do, and said nothing whatever.)

## CHAPTER XXXVI

Hertha didn't say anything, either. But that didn't cheer up Bruno any: Not so you could notice it. Every man knows that a silent woman is the most dangerous. Duck them when they're dumb, bo's. Yes, sir, if you notice that a woman isn't saying anything but just sitting tight with a faraway look in her eye, choose the nearest exit. There are breakers ahead.

"Bruno," said Hertha, in a firm, gruff voice, as they approached the Puffer mansion.

"Yes, dear," said Bruno weakly.

"Bruno," repeated Hertha, completely ignoring her financee's attempt at wistfulness, "I have been thinking about you; about your character."



"A SOB BURST FROM OUR HERO. A TEAR RAN SLOWLY DOWN HIS NOSE"

Bruno stirred unhappily. A cold chill chot up and down his spine.

"Yes, Bruno," went on Hertha. "I have been thinking about your character. And I have made up my mind about you."

Bruno shivered visibly.

"Bruno," said Hertha, "you are a no-account. You are downright ornery."

A sob burst from our hero. A tear ran slowly down his nose.

"Aw don't say that, girly," he implored, stretching out a hand to pat Hertha's arm. She shrunk away from him.

"You are a low-life, Bruno," she went on pitilessly. "But I ain't through with you yet. While you've been gallivanting around spooning with painted hussies (here Bruno murmured a pained protest that was

ignored) I have been planning a career for you."

At this Bruno stopped crying and turned a sickly green.

"Yes," said his captress, "you are going into business. You are going into business tomorrow morning at 7:30 o'clock. By using all my influence I have been able to secure a position for you in my father's office. Despite the fact that you are as ignorant a dog-robber as even I met up with, I have persuaded my poor, deluded parent to give you a trial. You will start in tomorrow at \$12.50 a week. Papa wants to know what the twelve dollars is for. He says that even in these days of labor shortage he could a gross of Brunos at 50 cents a gross f. o. b. but I've won him over. Now, you pinn salmon, snap out of the car, go upstairs and wash your face and as much of your neck as you can stand and report to me in the garden. I want a little petting."

Sure enough, even as she finished they had stopped in front of the magnificent Puffer mansion. Bruno, like one in a daze, climbed miserably out of the car and crawled upstairs with about as much snap as you find in a day-old glass of this near beer.

Hertha ran laughing to the garden, where she plucked a pretty flower, wound it in her hair and sat down on a rustic bench with a happy smile on her face awaiting her bold lover.

(To be continued.)

## JOIN OUR NEW CLASS IN ADVANCED MANNERS

Army Department (Lesson One): "On reaching Post, go directly to Headquarters and introduce yourself to the Commanding Officer. Be cordial and friendly. Make some jocular remarks like "Well, here I am, old sock, how's biz " He may appear embarrassed, but do not notice that. Slap him familiarly on the shoulder. Make him see that you are his friend. Show him that you have the progressive attitude by volunteering to teach all the patients how to Shimmy at the regular evening dances. (Lesson two next week.)





## DOINS OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

Miss Brickley smiles happily these days.

★ ★

Lt. Prees strolled in from his six weeks recruiting trip—with two recruits trailing.

★ ★

Long Bob Staley, Sergeant, is post exchanging his way into the hall of fame.

★ ★

Baron Bean is with us again in the advertising columns of this journal. Baron, may all your troubles be little Beans.

★ ★

Lieut. Murray is calling in Washington these days.

★ ★

Sgt. Gloom Zabin, the finest business manager the Oteen ever had left us on Thursday. Report has it, since he was seen buying Mitzi her late meal at Green's cafe on Tuesday evening, he is joining her company as publicity manager.

★ ★

Sgt. Ed. Loewy Thursdayed at 57 1-2 Broadway.

★ ★

Mickey Michel is having his voice cultivated at Millard, Patton and Stikeleathers.

★ ★

Mr. Bartels, late of the U. S. Army, when interviewed by an Oteen reporter, declared that he would not accept the Socialist nomination for President.

★ ★

Miss Mattie Harrison went horse-back riding Monday evening. When interviewed the horse said "never again."

★ ★

The water shortage has not affected Paddy Donavan.

★ ★

Messrs. Cope and Joe Downey have been steady guests at the Page Brook Farm for the past ten days.

## OUR ESSAY ON TOP KICKS

Top Sergeants have as much power as czars and traffic policemen. You can spot a "Top Kicker" by the cut of his clothes and the chip he has always on his shoulder. A "Top" carries no equipment outside of a tin whistle and a lead pencil. You can argue with a federal judge and get away with it, but don't ever, if you care to get a day off now and then, differ with a first sergeant. If a "Top" ever sends you down to the stables for a few hundred yards of skirmish line just to get it, because it will only fetch you extra duty in the kitchen on a Sunday if you try to show the man that you're wise. Top Sergeants keep bucks and non-coms hustling all the time; second loots also put more pep into their work when the Top happens to be taking a walk near where they are drilling a bunch of men. Some major generals dress as flashily as first sergeants, but only on rare occasions. The Kaiser must have been a Top at some time in his army career, or he wouldn't have developed into such an overlord.

Trouble Buster.

## INVALIDED

He limps along the city street,

Men pass him with a pitying glance;  
He is not there, but on the sweet  
And troubled plains of France.

Once more he marches with the guns,  
Reading the way by merry signs,  
His Regent street through trenches runs,  
His Strand among the pines.

For there his comrades jest and fight,  
And others sleep in that fair land;  
They call him back in dreams of night  
To join their dwindling band.

He may not go; on him must lie  
The doom, through peaceful years to live,  
To have a sword he cannot ply,  
A life he cannot give.

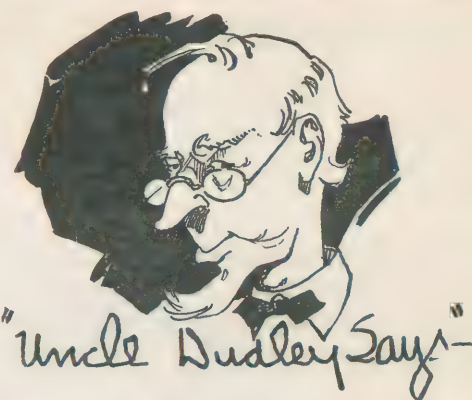
Edward Shillito.

Loot: Hullo, old bean, how do you like the weather?

Friend: Oh, terrible.

Loot: How's the wife?

Friend: Oh, about the same.



"Ef a female picks a feller what never sashays around with th' gals none whatsoever, she is powerful unhappy because she thinks she has picked a dead one: en ef she picks one what does go on a spree with th' gals now en then, she is most gol-dinged unhappy because she hez a man what is unfaithful. Ez near ez yer Old Unckle kin figger it out, a female loves best th' hemale what makes her th' most unhappy. Misery iz a female's happiness."

★ ★

"There hez bin a lot o' xplainin' ez t' how this here *shimmy* dance got started, but th' truth hez never bin told yet. It was this here way: down in th' South in a place where malaria is most gol-durned common, most nigh everybody hez it, en when they air dancing en a spell o' shivers come on em, all they kin do iz to stand still en shiver until th' spell iz gone. Well, sum fellers frum th' Nawth wuz at one o' thesee here Malaria shindigs en when they saw th' dancers stop t' shiver they thot it wuz sum new fangled sort o' jazz step en copied it. En they called it th' *shimmie*, but th' real name o' th' thing iz th' *Malaria Shivers*."

★ ★

"Go, write us a Pome," th' Editor cried,  
"Go court th' Musikle Muse";  
But how'n Sam-Hill  
Kin ye warble en trill  
When ye cant git hold o' sum booze?

Th' big ones like Byron en Poe,  
Drew there songs frum th' ole Flown' Bowl;  
But they ask us today,  
Fer a sweet roundelay,  
En giv us grape-juice t' inspire th' Soul.

★ ★

"It jest ain't no use, Ed., it aint no use.  
It cant be did."

"A certain contract doctor" on this Post is now seen to turn over burning sticks instead of cold stones. Have a care, Doc, we all know what come of playing with fire.



### OTEEN CHATTER

An 'AD' in the Oteen brings results.

★ ★

Have you a little 'OTEEN' in your home?

★ ★

Master Hospital Sergeant Bishop writes: 'I have read the Oteen for the past seventeen weeks and find it the best hospital weekly published in western North Carolina.'

★ ★

Two GOOD papers. The Literary Digest. The "OTEEN".

A tonic for run down women, "The OTEEN." Pydia Linkham.

### THE LAST OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

Way down south in Greenwich village  
Where the brains amount to nillage  
There the fashion illustrators  
Flirt with interior decorators;  
There the cheap Bohemian fakirs  
And the boys from Wanamaker's  
Gather atmosphere  
In Washington Square.

### WHY HE TOOK THE LAST

"Johnny, why did you take the last piece of meat?"

"'Cause they wasn't no more on the platter."

### DIE LORELEI

Revised Sept. 6th, 1919.

Out on the wide Pacific,  
Where the sea-gulls flap their wings;  
There dwelt a mighty hunter  
Who hunted pearls for rings.

One day in the sunny summer,  
A Mermaid, sweet and fair,  
Came from her couch beneath the sea,  
To sun her green-gold hair.

The hunter who was walking  
With his dog beneath the trees,  
(A strange event I will admit;  
Out upon the seas.)

Spied the lovely maiden,  
Seeking with her to talk  
Bue too quickly she sped, on her skates,  
A-down the concrete walk.

After her like a mad-man  
Dashed the warrior bold.  
But looked not where he was going,  
And fell over-board I'm told.

She—Why didn't you let your mother  
know you had won the Distinguished Service Cross.

He—Oh, it wasn't my time to write.

### ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

BY BEATRICE BAREBACK

That Daddy Donovan is a faithless old liar. There he's been bulling me, an innocent girl of seventeen, into believing he's handsome, wealthy and would treat me right for all times. Well I treated him . . . and now he's up and got his wife coming. What do you think of that? Scared.

Gad, we can't think in this case. Let's see tho, perhaps if you gave him a pint of 95 per cent with a dash of formaldehyde in it, this would tickle him to death.

★ ★

Listen:

It ain't often we lieuts. bother about your Oteen but I do want to get hold of some good lullabys for singing my baby to sleep. I'd like to have you indicate some which are both soporific and inspirational.

W. L. White.

Sir: We recommend the following songs as being admirably adapted to your purpose. There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea. Hail, hail, the Gang's all here. Boola, Boola, Where do we go from here. "Whenthehellidoweeat."

Miss Beat:

I lost my husband in a bargain sale last week and have not located him as yet. Is he in the Oteen office any? Do you think he ran away?

Mrs. Radford.

No, your husband ain't been around here in days. Perhaps some old lady took him away as the proceeds of the sale. Why not call up the local police.

★ ★

Old Dear:

My sweetheart won't marry me because my shoes squeak. I am heartbroken, and would give anything to find out what to do.

Ferdie Bartels.

Ferdie:

Court her by phone as much as possible, and when you do call manage to sneeze, cough, sing or even get "lickered" which will drown out the squeaking. If this does not work get a pair of gum shoes.



A GROUP OF OUR HUSKIES OUTFITTING A NEW WARD



### MORE SPEED

A trainload of newly drafted men reached their cantonment late in the afternoon. By the time they had passed through the receiving station and the hands of the doctors it was nearly midnight. Several of them were awakened at 4 o'clock the following morning to assist the cooks in preparing breakfast. As one well-built, sleepy drafted man got to his feet he stretched and yawned:

"It doesn't take long to spend a night in the army!"

### A PROUD DAUGHTER

Rebecca, age 8, was very proud of her father's rank as a first lieutenant, and grew quite indignant when a neighbor boy called him "captain."

"I'll have you understand that my daddy is not a captain," she said, "he's a lieutenant."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," replied the boy, "he is an officer."

"Yes, dear, a lieutenant is an officer," interrupted Rebecca's mother.

"Well," persisted Rebecca, still determined to maintain her daddy's dignity at all cost, "he's not much of an officer."

### RANK BY CHRISTENING

Two negroes were carrying a heavy piece of timber. Both wanted to boss the job."

"Lay it down here ordered one."

"Who you-all a-talkin to, man?" the other demanded. "Does you-all think you kin boss me around like dat?"

"Sure I kin," said the first darcy.

"Maw name is Lew Tennant."

"Huh! dat's nothing," responded the second son of the Sunny South. "Mah name is Sam Browne."

—*Yank Talk, Trench and Billet.*

### AT THE BATHING BEACH

(With no apologies whatever to the author of "Smiles.")

There are legs that make you snicker,

There are legs that make you laugh;

There are legs that call to mind the contour  
Of a large and healthy grace.

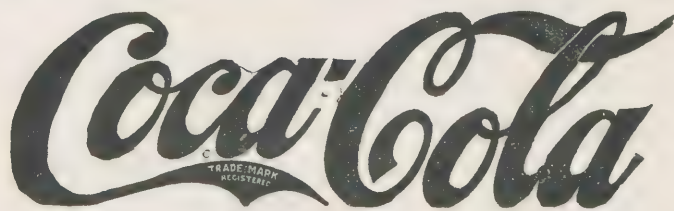
There are legs that one finds very easy

On the eyes. I'm here to say they're few;

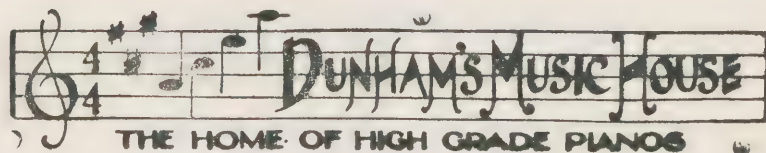
But the legs that cause most mental anguish  
Are the legs that were wished on you.

Thomas Finnelly.

# DRINK



## EVERY BOTTLE STERILIZED



## Don't Return to Civilian Life

Without the advantage of a good business training. Our thorough courses, complete equipment and corps of expert teachers enable you to secure an exceptional Business Training at our School. We make special rates to men who have been in the service.

### EMANUEL BUSINESS COLLEGE

U. S. OFFICIAL VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

15 HAYWOOD STREET

TELEPHONE 1100

FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE  
ISN'T THE BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS ONE OF THE  
BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR  
MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

## The Haywood Grill

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.



# AUTUMN Savings PERIOD

The last quarter's Savings Period of 1919 will begin October 1st. Deposits made before the close of business on October 10th will bear interest from October 1st. One Dollar will open an Account.

**CENTRAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY**  
SOUTH PACK SQUARE

## CENTROSA

100 PER CENT PURE PORTO RICAN CIGAR

5c, 10c, 15c, 2 FOR 25c

We believe the good quality of CENTROSAS will be appreciated by you. They are less injurious, because of their mildness and freedom from combination filler and artificial flavoring. On sale at your Exchange and all dealers in town.

**BARBEE-CLARK CIGAR & TOB. CO.**  
D I S T R I B U T O R S

## EFFICIENCY PLUS

Our constant effort is to aid you in your Saving.

Ample resources, an efficient management and State supervision combine to make our policy both responsible and progressive.

Our superior faculties and strong connections are always at your service.

**WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST CO.**

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$2,000,000

36 PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

## THE GREATEST OF ALL ARMY PASTIMES—SICK CALL

Sick call is a life-saving apparatus that is available to all. The primary function of the call is to ascertain the number of sick in barracks and to proffer treatment of some sort at the infirmary. For an enlisted man it is more or less of a gauntlet in the preliminary settings, but a good heady malingerer can make it often enough to win on it a leading place on the list of best bets. When it is handled efficiently there is the reward of a full day on the bunk, on the complete repose schedule, with all orders for duty annulled.

The call is arranged by the bugler, his only act during the day that is ethical and exempt from criminal procedure. The sick birds are assembled by a sergeant and lined up for an inspection by a company officer. This officer, before entering the service, may never have diagnosed anything more serious than an unusual feeling of fullness the morning after, but at this particular time he is as familiar with medicology and surgery as the Mayos and will do the world an unending and monumental service if he puts his theories into free verse some time. It is his duty to pick the shysters in the line and, generally speaking, it is some chore. It is a genuine battle of wits, wily repartee, short jabs to the jaw, sang froid and coup-de-etate. If the soldier outpoints the officer he trudges, in his great agony, on to the infirmary. But if the officer, by some dexterous move, gets the big buldge, the soldier changes his howl from one of pain to acid dissatisfaction with the army and goes back to his place in line of duty, convincing himself at every step that it is all erroneous.

Once past the first line the enlisted man is conveyed to the infirmary, using the regulation route step enroute. A physician officer in charge of things looks him over. Groans are still required here, together with drawn expressions and enfeebled movements, although the demand is not so pressing as at the first stop. The officer already had handled only 50 or 60 cases during the day, is expecting from 108 to 316 more, so the soldier draws a great deal of individual attention. The infirmary equipment consists of a bottle of pills and a bottle of iodine. The soldier is either painted with iodine or subjected to an installation of the pills. It all depended upon which bottle is handiest. At one infirmary the pill bottle may accidentally push back a few feet from its accustomed place and half the men in camp are painted with iodine before it is accidently restored



when the office orderly is unintentionally awakened from his comatose state and reminded of his enlistment obligation. There is a pretty army fable which sends two men to an infirmary—one suffering from sore throat and the other afflicted with fallen arches. Both were given pills from the same bottle and both threw the pills away. Both recovered and the pill bottle was given a service decoration when the infirmary received a credit of 1,000 per cent, on the work.

Pvt. C. W. Shaffer.

#### AMID AUTUMN'S GLORY

Do you remember, sweetheart, how along  
this woodland path  
We walked last June, when everything was  
green?  
The flowers bloomed around us, and our  
hearts with beauty thrilled,  
For a glorious summer bounty filled the  
scene.

But here today we wander midst a very  
different world—  
We cannot recognize our path at all;  
The changing leaves, the stalks, the pods,  
the fruit, the berries red—  
Our very souls with rapture view the fall.  
And where was all this glory when we walk-  
ed the path last spring?  
Deep hidden in the green and in the flower.  
And so in lives about us, people whom we  
daily meet—  
Their souls arise to greatness for the hour.

Emily Granger.

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PHONES: PRESCRIPTIONS 116, SUNDRIES 117, YOURS 117

## ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES SECURED BY ARMY

Although enormous gifts for the medical care of our soldiers were accepted by the government, \$370,000,000 was appropriated by Congress between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, to buy all the necessary hospital facilities and surgical supplies. This represents the cost to the United States, of medicine, surgical instruments and dressings, ambulances, hospital furniture, equipment and supplies for the war.

Such is the pointed information concerning the care of our boys, given by Benedict Crowell, Assistant Secretary of War and Director of Munitions in his report on "America's Munitions."

The fund of \$370,000,000 "was considerably more money than was contributed by the American people to the American Red Cross, a great part of whose funds went to the relief of civilian populations in Europe, or to other war charity," says the report. "Thus it will be seen that the government with billions of dollars to spend could well afford the few hundreds of millions necessary to give the American soldiers who needed it the best possible hospital attention. It accepted gifts of this sort, ranging from gauze bandages to fully equipped motor ambulances, as the offerings of the people whose hearts overflowed with love and gratitude to the American Soldiers and took this means of showing their concern; but the government in no sense was dependent upon these donations."

At the outset of the war a big handicap presented itself, because before 1914, four-fifths of all surgical instruments used in the United States were imported from Germany, and production of certain important medicine was practically limited to that country. But through co-operation of the manufacturers in America, with the Medical Department's general purchasing office, and the Council of National Defense, together with the Medical Supply Depots, amazing results were obtained.

Look at some of these enormous prescriptions for our Army which America filled during the year 1918: 46,000,000 quinine tablets, 172,000,000 aspirin tablets, 835,000 pounds of calomel ointment, 45,000,000 iodine swabs, 10,250,000 tins of foot powder, and 300,000,000 tubes of iodine-potassium. All other items of medicines, antiseptics and disinfectants, re-



quired by the Medical Department were increased in proportion.

Orders customarily went to the lowest bidders, with a careful review in Washington of all prices named in contracts.

Among some of the important materials used in the care of our boys were these, purchased during the last year of the war: a total of 12,000,000 individual dressing packets, 795,000 boxes of gauze bandages, 574,400,000 yards of bandages, 10,000,000 first aid packets, and 108,000,000 pounds of absorbent cotton. For the carrying of the sick and wounded the government brought 258,000 litters. The heaviest buying period during the war was between July 1, and November 30, 1918. The largest order for surgical instruments was for haemostatic forceps of which the government brought 1,301,476.

It is interesting to note that the purchases made in France for the Medical Department consisted mostly of large and bulky items, mainly hospital furniture and equipment, which, if transported from the United States, would necessitate the use of considerable valuable cargo space. Foreign purchases were made primarily to save ship space and not because of any shortage or failure to function in this country.

Visitor (to wounded soldier in bed)—  
Were you wounded, soldier?

Soldier—No, it was my brother who was wounded. But he had a date this afternoon, so I am here substituting for him.

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### A LIEUTENANT'S EXPERIENCE

Where are you going, my pretty maid  
I'm going to Gasheville, sir, she said  
May I go with you, my pretty maid?  
Are you an officer, sir? she said.  
I am an officer, my pretty maid;  
Then are you unmarried, sir, she said;  
I am unmarried, my pretty maid;  
Then you may come, kind sir, she said.

### IN FRENCH

A savior faire Mam'selle,  
Who was known as the Marseillaise belle,  
Was asked for a kiss  
By a soldier named Bliss,  
And she told him to gaux straight teaux  
helle.

### AS YOU WUZ

For the first three mornings the rookie  
had been late for reville roll-call and the  
top sergeant was getting tired of bawling  
him out. On the fourth morning the rookie  
came out of his tent, half dressed and rub-  
bing his eyes.

Say, you, bawled the sergeant, can't you  
get out here when reville blows?

No, sir, replied the rookie, it always blows  
before I get up.

It was his first guard duty.

Halt! Who's that?

Advance, officer of the day, and be recog-  
nized.

The O. D. waited for his recognition.  
Finally the rookie blurted out nervously:

What sayest thou?

George Washington Jones, colored, was  
trying to enlist in Uncle Sam's army, and the  
following conversation ensued with the re-  
cruiting officer.

Name?

George Washington Jones, sah.

Age?

I'se twenty-seven years od, sah.

Married?

No, sah. Dat scar on mah haid is whar  
a mule done kicked me.

Proprietor—Yes, I wuz all through it.  
Had two years of it an' never a scratch!  
Mess cook.

Soldier (tasting soup)—Surprisin' you  
wasn't killed!



## RECONSTRUCTION CHATTER

In Memoriam: The Burial of "Bigger's"  
Hat.

Left behind in bereavement,  
What can calm her soul?  
Can her life go on as was  
Will not her head take cold.

Alas, alack, the remains of her hat  
Were buried with military honors,  
The drumming of drums that  
Tolled the grief of the sad-eyed mourners.

She will miss you, dear  
As you shaded her noble eyes,  
We'll miss you, dear,  
The sight of you was pleasing, That's not  
lies.

★ ★

How we love that little toaster. How  
did we do without it?

★ ★

Perhaps Lieut. Walker has changed his  
mind and will now see "the" basket. Come  
down to the shop, boys, and we will promise  
you a ride back at chow time. Ehret must  
find the work a little easier using a saw  
blade rather than a file.

★ ★

When a graciously acting Supervisor re-  
marks near midnight in the back of an over-  
loaded taxi, "Camilla, how nice and warm  
your hands are" and not a sound is heard in  
reply, we appreciate one's being too much  
of a gentleman to set a lady at fault.

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from five-thirty to six-thirty. During the remainder of the evening, Sandwiches,  
Pie, Cake, and Ice Cream will be served.



### NO MORE GLORY

An elderly millionaire banker proposed to a girl. "Think," said the old rascal, "think of the automobiles, and pearls and diamonds a rich husband could give you." The girl looked at him critically. "Oh, a rich father would do just as well," she said, "Marry mamma."

"So," sobbed Ilma Vladoffovitchskioffsky, "Ivan Ninespotiski died in battle. You say he uttered my name as he was dying?"

"Part of it," replied the returned soldier "part of it."

### JOSHING THE MEDICO

"And shall I be able to play the piano when my hands heal?" asked the wounded soldier.

"Certainly you will," said the doctor.

"Gee, that's great! I never could before."

Now that the war is over, we suppose that the professional wits will lay off the second "loots" and go back to the mothers-in-law and Fords.  
—Judge.

City Man: Is that a real diamond you have there?

Rube: Ef it ain't, I been stung for a dollar and a quarter.

Mistress (to new servant): "We have breakfast about eight o'clock".

New Servant: "Well, if I ain't down don't you wait for me."

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